

PRACTICAL ART.

Incidents That Happily Illustrate the Value of Drawing.

Prof. Mahan, under whom Grant and most of the other generals of the late war studied engineering at West Point, said: "There is no person, whatever his profession, but at times has need of drawing as an auxiliary to render his ideas intelligible to others." Stories which illustrate this saying are told by Alexander Dumas and by Nasmyth, the hammer man. If these men were not so eminent we might suspect that one tale suggested the other. They show that what might be competent expression to a Norwegian would not do for a German.

Mr. Nasmyth said he was traveling in Norway and one day in a wild out-of-the-way place, reached an inn, very hungry, but unable to make the hostess understand his wants by anything he could say. He was considerably perplexed till he happened to think of his pencil. He drew a dish steaming, a plate beside it with knife and fork, a bottle of wine and a wine glass. His hostess looked at it and intimated that she knew what it meant. He went out for a stroll and, on his return, found the picture realized. The bottle, the wine glass, the plate, the knife, and fork and covered dish. When he sat down his hostess lifted the cover, displaying a fine hot fowl that sent forth a cloud of steam. Lucky Nasmyth!

Not so lucky was Dumas, and yet as expressers of ideas where is the comparison? The circumstances are similar, only Dumas was on the border land of Switzerland, stopped by the rain; horse sinking in the mud up to his knees; driver wet to the bone. Dumas would not have entered the little German inn, so wretched, except for his great philanthropy. If he hated anything it was sauerkraut, and when they imposed this "infamous pleasantry" upon him, repeatedly, he gave it to the dog. The astonishment of the hostess was mountainous. "If you don't like sauerkraut what do you like?" "Anything but that." It was all she had. A luminous idea lights his soul. Mushrooms! The country was famous for them, but he could not remember the German name. "Some—some—How do you call it in German?" "Some? Some—?" repeated the hostess mechanically. "Eh? yes; some—" "At this moment my eyes fell on my album. 'Wait,' said I, 'wait.' I then took my pencil and on a beautiful white leaf drew as carefully as I could, the precious vegetable which formed for the moment the object of my desires. I flattered myself that it approached as near to a resemblance as it is permitted for the work of man to reproduce the work of nature. All this while the hostess followed me with her eyes, displaying an intelligent

curiosity that seemed to augur most favorably to my prospects. 'Ah! ja, ja, ja (Yes, yes, yes),' said she, as I gave the finishing touch to the drawing. She had comprehended—the clever woman—so well comprehended that five minutes after she entered the room with an umbrella all open. 'There!' said she. I threw a glance upon my unfortunate drawing—the resemblance was perfect!"—American Machinist.

He Felt Grateful and Gave Freely of That Which he had.

For five or six minutes the other afternoon a patrolman stood at the foot of Woodward avenue, along side of a young man who had a sachel in his hand, and was waiting for a ferryboat. At length, as the officer started to saunter away, the young man handed him a cigar and said: "Thanks. I'll always remember your kindness."

"What is it?" queried the bluecoat, as he hesitated over the cigar.

"Take it—take two of 'em! I'm a man who can appreciate a favor."

"But I—I—"

"That's all right—take three of 'em! I've traveled over most of this country, and know a man when I see him."

"Will you explain yourself?" asked the officer, as he closely regarded the stranger to see if he was drunk or crazy.

"Certainly. Here I am, a perfect stranger to you. You have the right to walk up and crack me with your club, and ask who in thunder I am, and what I am hanging around here for. You could take my sachel and fling it into the river, and you could drag me to a dungeon cell and keep me immured for years and years. Have you done anything of the sort?"

"As to that—" began the officer, but the young man brought out two more cigars and said:

"Take the whole five! I haven't much wealth, but I want to show my gratitude as best I can. You, sir, are one of nature's noblemen, and though I live for the next 50 years I shall never forget you. Instead of cracking me over the head and then jumping on my unconscious body with both feet and dragging me to the station over the cobblestones, you have acted the part of a gentleman, and a man who respects the rights of others. Sir, let me again assure you that I shall never forget this consideration on your part. Officer, farewell!"

He made a break for the boat and was lost to view, and after thinking it over for five minutes the officer pocketed the cigars, and growled:

"Something wrong there somewhere. If I ever see him again I'll run him in for his gratitude."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Mountain Religion.

In one of the valleys of the Smoky mountains I came across a squatter who

sat smoking his pipe on a stump at the door. The log cabin was a wretched affair, and the only crop in sight on the land around was half an acre of corn, which had grown knee high and then turned a sickly yellow. The man was ragged and had a starved look, and his wife on the doorstep behind him seemed worse off. After the usual salutations and a little general talk I said:

"You don't seem to be getting along here very well."

"Only jest tolerably—jest tolerably," he replied.

"Your cabin needs fixing up."

"Yes, sar, powerful bad."

"The weeds have killed out your corn."

"I 'low they have, sah—killed that corn right out."

"You don't appear to be much of a farmer."

"No, sah; not much of one."

"And your health is not very good."

"Very pore health, sah—very pore."

"Daniel, tell he the reason why we look so shackelty," called the woman from the doorstep.

"Yo' dun talk, for my shake is comin' on," he answered.

She came forward, having a small family Bible under her arm, and sitting down on the stump beside her husband, she said:

"Reckon things do look powerful shiftless to yo', stranger, but we's gwine to pick up now right smart. We's had trouble—heaps o' trouble."

"Sickness, I suppose?"

"No, not that. Yo' see, we was both Presbyterians over in South Carolina. Then we moved to Georgia and got to be Baptists. From thar' we toted to North Carolina and jined the Methodists. Then we got down yere, and Daniel leaned to the Universalists, while I was strong on the Adventists. We've been three y'ars seekin' to figger it out. Sometimes I've bin ahead of Daniel, and agin, he's had me up a tree. We've jest felt that we'd got to settle on the religion befo' we could go to work, and that's what makes us look so shackelty and shiftless."

"And you have finally settled the question, have you?"

"We hev."

"Yes, she's dun settled," added the husband.

"And what kind of religion have you concluded to adopt?"

"A sorter, sah. It's sorter Presbyterian and Baptist and Adventist scrambled into one, but it leaves out all brimstone and 'lows Dan'l to work in a moonshine distillery at a dollar a day. Praise the Lord! But if you come back this way two weeks from now Dan'l will be chawin' real tobacco and I'll hey reg'lar shoes and stockings on."—Detroit Free Press.